

## What Do You Know About TIRES?

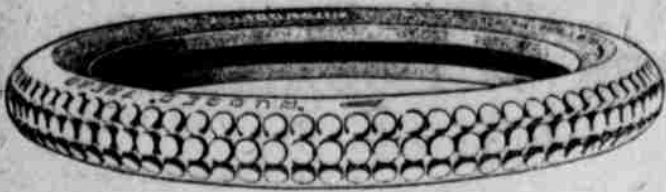
We venture the assertion that you, like a vast number of motorists, know very little about rubber.

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INCORPORATED.

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### "Diamond Jim" Dying.

"Diamond Jim" Brady, the most bejeweled man on earth, is dying in New York.

Brady's success in business was a sensation and his income enormous. In the course of time he became president of the largest railway supply house in the world and a director in many corporations.

He was a great man for entertaining. He spent tens of thousands of dollars each year in a few restaurants along Broadway. When he traveled he usually took a lot of persons with him in his private car. He was an inveterate first-nighter, and no one in America probably has spent more money on the theatre than has "Diamond Jim." In the days when there was racing around New York he maintained a stable of thoroughbreds and was a constant visitor to the race tracks. He liked a prize fight and seldom missed a bout between fist men. He backed more than one who needed capital.

Brady's friends tell a thousand stories about the peculiarities, habits and doings of this man, whose life has had as many facets as one of his own blue-white diamonds. Some have found their way into print; others haven't. His jewels, that have given to him his Broadway name, are celebrated the world over. Mr. Brady collected not diamonds alone.

He had a passion for all sorts of precious stones. He used them to vary the decorations of his evening dress. One night he would wear studs, cuff buttons and waistcoat buttons of diamonds. Another night he would display rubies. Perhaps the next time he would be glittering with splendid emeralds. He buttoned his shirts with diamonds. His suspender buckles glittered with the finest white stones. He had walking sticks set with diamonds. He carried a watch worth \$10,000. In the handle of one of his umbrellas was a jewel worth \$1,500. His garter clasps and even his underwear were ornamented with gems.

His wardrobe was a magnificent one, and it is doubtful if Mr. Brady himself knew how many suits of clothes for various wears he possessed. He frequently changed his

entire wearing apparel half a dozen times a day. The latest wrinkle from London was displayed by him days before Broadway woke up to the fact that something new in sartorial effects had been evolved.

Queer as it may seem Mr. Brady has always been next door to a teetotaler. Only on rare occasions was he known to take a drink, and he never was known to smoke. As an eater, however, he went to the limit of the game, and it is his lifelong habit of overfeeding that is held responsible by his physicians for his breakdown.

### Off Duty.

The "silent watchman" at the intersection of Main and Ninth streets is temporarily off duty, and is leaning against the wall of Cook's drug store, somewhat battered from contact with a vehicle.



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"The Sure-Growing Kind"

Carefully selected, re-cleaned and tested. They bring increased results. An initial sowing will convince you.

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Exclusive Wholesale

## The Giant Snowball

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON

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Regularly once a year Jed Barson "celebrated," and that was upon his birthday. He did it in what he considered to be a quite respectable way. He lived at Bowersville, but it was at Milton that he went through his annual program.

Abstemious and walking a straight chalk line for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, upon the other about dusk Jed presented himself at the tavern at Milton, and hired the little card room at the rear of the bar for the exclusive use of himself and his friends. These friends were never the same on succeeding occasions. Jed simply picked up half-a-dozen of the loungers about the place, and, with a table supplied fully with edibles and drinkables, locked all hands in the room with himself and proceeded to celebrate.

The little party of convivialists were given their fill of cigars, eatables and flowing bowls. Except for the latter, it was only a mildly dissipated group. It was an occasion for Jed to spread himself and he about monopolized the function. Ordinarily Jed was a mild-mannered, composed young man, never boisterous, always reliable in a business way. On the occasion of his birthday festivity he vividly recalled two points in his life and let loose on them. Once he had been appointed the local orator in a mild political campaign. He believed he had found



Gaining Momentum Each Succeeding Moment.

his mission until a rival expert in the same line squelched him completely, both as to argument and eloquence.

Later, in a sneaking sort of a way, Jed did some amateur dramatic work with a stalled tragedy company. It proved a dismal failure, but the talent of this histrionic effort never quite left him.

So, shut up in a little tavern room with an obliging audience, Jed detailed his past glories as orator and actor. He recited all of his former speeches, he spouted half of Hamlet in bringing in the several few lines he had spoken on the stage. Faithfully at midnight the drowsy conclave broke up. Jed went to bed and reappeared in his home town the next day, with a slight headache, but fully satisfied to pursue the straight and narrow road until another twenty-first of February had rolled around.

Now Jed had become quite an important and trustworthy person about Bowersville. He did a little real estate business and a good deal in the way of mortgage loans and collections. He went to and fro as to several towns in the district, acting as a sort of special messenger for the banks. On the especial birthday occasion where he met his Waterloo, he had transacted considerable business that day and its results crowded a time-worn wallet in an inner coat pocket.

Jed went through his regular program, political and histrionic, but somehow the occasion was dull. It was growing so monotonous and by ten o'clock his guests were filled to repletion and began to depart one by one, and although dazed and unsteady in his walk, Jed decided not to remain at the tavern all night, as was his wont on these birthday occasions, but to walk home to Bowersville, seven miles distant.

He paid the bill, took a parting drink and started on his lonely way. There had been a deep snow, but the roads were broken by teams, and with a few upsets Jed got started on his way.

"It's the last one that did it," soliloquized the dizzied wayfarer. "Need the bracing air to clear away the fog." As he neared his home village Jed was conscious that his wits were still clouded and his limbs somewhat wobbly. The direct road was level, but he paused suddenly. Late as the hour was there was light in a house at the bottom of a steep hill inclining

the way. Jed knew the house well. It belonged to old Gideon Lang, and he had a daughter, Mirabelle.

"I wouldn't have the Langs see me in this plight for money," mumbled Jed. "I'll not pass the house, for fear of it. I'll climb the hill and cut around into town that way."

The weather was pretty cold, but Jed had puffed along and stumbled along until he was perspiring freely. Half way up the hill he took off his coat, toiled to the apex of the hill and slowly made his way home by a round-about route.

Jed did not get up the next morning. He had a bad headache and was weak and remorseful. The thought of business even failed to arouse him. It was full dusk before he summoned up the courage and strength to get up and dress himself. It was to make a blood-curdling, a crushing discovery—his wallet was gone!

Had someone come into the room while he slept and stolen it? No, doors and windows Jed found securely locked. Had he been robbed at Milton? No, he distinctly remembered having looked to its safety as he left the tavern, buttoning up his coat tightly.

Abruptly the memory returned to Jed of having carried his coat over his arm in climbing the hill. In feverish haste he decided to retrace his course of the night previous. When he got to the head of the hill he found it all tracked up, and on the apex an immense snowball the boys had rolled that day, using it as a shelter fort against adversaries storming it from below.

"It's no use!" groaned Jed. "If I dropped the wallet here, it's either tramped under the snow or found and appropriated," but he started down the hill. He was intent on looking all along the course in the snow, and not until a swish warned him did he turn and run. At the top of the hill were scurrying boyish forms. Coming towards him, gaining momentum each succeeding moment, was the giant snowball.

Jed started to run. A light in the Lang home was his guide. He nearly reached it when something struck him. It was the snowball. It knocked him down and passed over him and he lay senseless. The great white sphere then crashed through the fence of the Lang yard, demolished a trellis, some of the splinters of which broke some windows in the house, and came to a halt against the front of the house.

When Jed Bursey opened his eyes again he found himself in bed in the Lang home with a broken leg, which a doctor, hastily summoned, had just set. Flitting about the room, a willing nurse, was fair Mirabelle. Despite all of his troubles Jed experienced a certain blissful sense of dependency and comfort. He had always had a sneaking fondness for Mirabelle but had never been able to summon up the courage to confess it to her.

The doctor delivered the dictum that Jed was not to be moved for a week. The one worry on Jed's mind was the loss of the wallet. He found a charming comrade in Mirabelle. In fact, before two days had passed by he had confessed all his shortcomings, including the annual birthday celebration.

Mirabelle and her father started a thorough quest for the lost wallet, but with no results. This meant a loss of several hundred dollars in actual cash for Jed. What was most important, however, was the notes, deeds and the like, the loss of which might later lead to troublesome legal complications.

"Guess," spoke Mirabelle, coming in to the room where the convalescent sat, her hands hiding something behind her, and then she held before the amazed and delighted eye of her patient the missing wallet.

"What do you think?" cried Mirabelle gloomily. "I found it where the great snowball had melted. You see, the boys who rolled it must have gathered it up in the snow without noticing it."

Jed clasped and held the hand proffering the precious wallet in a fervor of courage and love.

"Mirabelle," he said, "it's up to me to build your father a new trellis."

Then, drawing her still nearer, he added: "And I'll build you a new house, if you'll share it with me."

"And what about those dangerous 'celebrations' of yours?" intimated Mirabelle archly.

"There will be only one after this," pledged Jed. "Our wedding day, with nothing stronger than lemonade."

### Misunderstanding.

They stood beneath the stars, silent as the heartbeats of the night, looking into the diamond-studded shirtfront of the sky.

"Is it Mars?" he whispered as he slipped his arm around her taper waist and gazed upon a glittering orb in the distant blue.

"No, it isn't!" she exclaimed, jerking away. "It's mine, and if you can't tell the difference between my waist and mother's after eight years' courtship—well, we'd better part!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### Circumstantial Evidence of It.

She—Do you officers have regular times to be tired?

He—Of course not. Why do you ask?

She—Then why do you have to wear fatigue uniforms?

### Speaking of Countries.

The United States continues the best country to stay in, but as to which is the best to keep away from a dozen we could mention might draw straw. —Buffalo Times.

## Post This Bodyguard Around Your Children



You Can Keep Them Free from Colds Without Dosing.

These two fine boys have a "Little Bodyguard" to protect them against sudden attacks of croup or cold troubles. Their mother Mrs. C. C. Evinger, 1224 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind., writes—

"I have tried your Vick's VapoRub on my two boys (who are nineteen months and three and

one-half years old respectively), and have found it very satisfactory when they had the croup. The first application helped to loosen the phlegm, making them rest more easily, and they were able to go to sleep. VapoRub also helped them when they had severe colds. I can recommend it to all mothers."

But the best part about this "Little Bodyguard"—VapoRub, is that it is applied externally and hence can be used freely, with perfect safety, on the smallest child, as often as wished. Three size, 25c, 50c or \$1.00.

Keep a little Bodyguard in your home. VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

### Women in Open Boats.

If the sensibilities of the reader have not become so dulled by the horrors of two years and a half of butchery, he cannot pursue the following, taken from the New York World, without a feeling of horror:

The manner in which two American women met their death after they were set adrift in one of the battered and waterlogged boats of the Laconia is told by the Rev. Father Sargeant, who was a passenger and who administered the last rites of the church to the German barbarism:

Mrs. Hoy died in the arms of her daughter. Her body slipped off into the sea out of her daughter's weakened arms. The heart-broken daughter succumbed a few minutes afterward and her body fell over the side of the boat as we were tossed by the huge waves.

In icy water up to her knees for two hours, the daughter all the time bravely supported her aged mother, uttering words of encouragement to her. From the start both were violently seasick, which, coupled with the cold and exposure, gradually wore down their courage.

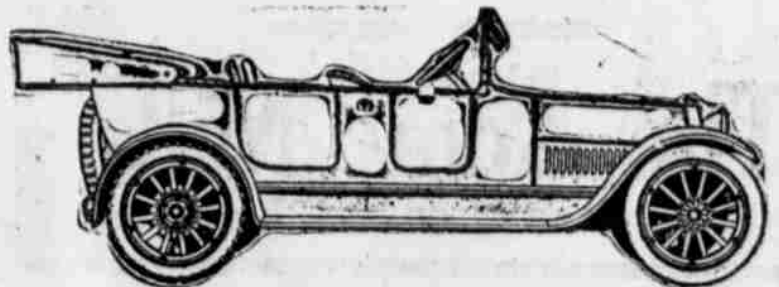
The preceding tragedies are thus described in the simple language of a brave priest.

The first to die in our boat was W. Irvine Robinson, of Toronto. After his body had been confessed to the sea we were tossed about for an hour,

getting more and more water, until the gunwales were almost level with the sea. Then Mr. Ivatt, who was not physically strong, succumbed in the arms of his fiancée, who was close beside him, trying in vain to keep him warm by throwing her wealth of hair about his neck. Even after he died she refused to give him up, and although the additional weight made the situation more dangerous for us all, we yielded to her pitiful pleading and allowed her to keep the body.

This is the fate that hangs over every American citizen who crosses the Atlantic, regardless of age or sex. It is the death to which the German government has formally and officially condemned every American who ventures upon the ocean, whether the ship in which he sails is an enemy or neutral, whether it flies the British flag or the American flag. It is the most monstrous doctrine of the sea that was ever proclaimed by a nation that called itself civilized.

Boys of another day, interfered with in their sport on the Boston commons by British soldiers made gallant protest to the British commander. Because of unjust taxation an immortal tea party was held in the port of Boston. We cannot imagine what the people of America today have lost altogether the qualities that distinguished them a century and a half ago. —Evansville Courier.



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Beautiful soft genuine leather, form-fitting cushion backs ample room even for the largest person.

Room between the front seat and the dash, room between the tonneau seats and the front seats, plenty of room for the large comfortable auxiliary seats, plenty of room for seven passengers.

Individual arm chair auxiliary seats.

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